

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 407.

O decus Phoebi, et dapibus supremi

Grata testudo Jovis, & laborum

Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve

Rise vocanti!

HOR.

G L A S G O W:

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P R E F A C E.

IF what is now offered, be so fortunate as to gain the public attention, whether it deserves the title of entertainment, or intrusion, will be best submitted to the public candor. If it gains the former character, it attains its highest aim: if it is branded with the latter, neither need the world fear a repeated insult, nor will the author be much disappointed with his fate: for if candidates for public esteem, merit what they wish, why are they concerned at losing the approbation of knaves or fools? (for such alone can meet real worth, when it appears with indifference or opposition;) but, if the united voice of mankind, to which they appeal, and which can hardly be supposed to speak the language of prejudice or ignorance, pronounce them unworthy of the honours they wish; why are they solicitous to gain that praise, which only

P R E F A C E.

false taste, or dissingenuity can bestow? If the fear of living or dying, distinguished by no other characteristic, than as a dead weight on society (a vortex, where the circulation of public blessings is either diverted, or absorbed) be not sufficient to excuse the author's attempt; yet an inclination to assure the world, that he is no voluntary drone, but fired for the public, and resolved to promote its interest at every hazard consistent with virtue, had he been capacitated, may at least soften his fault.

But to judge fairly of him, the disadvantages under which he appears, ought not perhaps entirely to escape our notice. From green retreats, affluence, and serenity, joined with every other advantage of art and nature, perfect performances of this kind may reasonably be expected: but here we can only see genius, if it can deserve that name, no otherwise assisted than by some notion of the Latin and English poets, and exerted under the want

of

P R E F A C E.

of the most exquisite enjoyments of life, a lively sense of their value, and almost an absolute despair of ever obtaining them, struggling with blindness, which has continued from the author's infancy, and which is certainly one of the greatest difficulties a poet can labour under; as it must confine and enervate every description, and perhaps render it impracticable to paint any object of sight with propriety, at least in their gayest, happiest attitude, or colours. Yet, that these disadvantages might be as little as possible conspicuous, of all the poems now exhibited, there is scarce an entire piece, or even a single sentiment, where the author has not some precedent, either from the ancients, or justly admired moderns, in view.

Let it be therefore confessed, that it was not without hopes of being in some measure agreeable, he ventured thus far: and had these hopes been no better supported, than by his
own

P R E F A C E.

own vanity, he had saved himself and the world so much trouble.

And now, before he and his works be left to their destiny, it may be just proper to add, That when the fundamental laws of any civil constitution are threatened with entire subversion, since any man may oppose the torrent, neither from mercenary views, nor a blind attachment to particular persons and princes; and since none can have any reason to suspect the author of any of these faults, it will be ungenerous, notwithstanding the explicate declarations he has given of his political sentiments, to brand him with the opprobrious name of a party writer.

This much was thought proper to be said, though there may be many faults of which he is entirely ignorant, or for which it would be tedious to apologize; yet such, as it is hoped, any generous critic may forgive.

T H E

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P O E M S

[1]

P O E M S
O N
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S .

The first O D E of H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D .

Inscrib'd to

Dr. J. S——Physician in Edinburgh.

O FRIEND to freedom's sacred cause!
Who, nobly arm'd for injur'd laws;

* By whose indulgence I aspire

To strike the sweet Horatian lyre:

There are who on th' Olympic plain

Delight the chariot's speed to rein;

Involv'd in glorious dust, to roll,

To turn with glowing wheel the goal;

A Who

* This Gentleman, by an uncommon Instance of Generosity, sent for the Author to *Edinburgh*; and indulged him with all the Necessaries of Life and Education, for four Years.

2 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

Who by repeated trophies rise,
And share with gods their pomp and skies:

This, if the changeful croud admire,
Fermented, ev'n to mad desire,

Their fool or villain to elate

To all the honours of the state;

That, if his granary secures

Whate'er th' autumnal sun matures,

Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,

Remote from each ambitious view;

Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,

To launch the bark, and cut the main.

The merchant, while the western breeze

Foments to rage th' Icarian seas,

Beneath th' impending hand of fate

Extols to heav'n his country feat,

Its sweet retirement, fearless ease,

The fields, the air, the streams, the trees;

Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,

Resolv'd to breathe the tumid main,

Resolv'd all hazards to endure;

Nor shun a plague, but to be poor. One

One with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
 Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul:
 Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid
 Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade;
 Now where some sacred fountain flows,
 Whose cadence soft invites repose;
 While half the sultry summer's day
 On gentle pinions steals away.
 Some bosoms boast a nobler flame,
 In fields of death to toil for fame,
 In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
 Curst wars, which brides and mothers hate;
 Whose hearts, with more than transport bound,
 While drums and trumpets mix their sound;
 Unmindful of his tender wife,
 And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life.

The huntsman, in th' unshelter'd plains,
 Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains;
 Now scales the steepy mountain's side,
 Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide.
 Whither his faithful hounds in view
 With speed some timid prey pursue;

40 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Or, if some monster of the wood
At once his hopes and snares elude,
Good to bestow, like heav'n, is thine;
Concurring in one great design,
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age,
To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,
In rosy lustre smile around:
My humbler function shall I name,
My sole delight, my highest aim!
Inspir'd, through breezy shades to stray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play,
Above th' unthinking herd to soar,
Who sink forgot, and are no more,
To snatch from fate an honest fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim;
If to my vows Euterpe deign
The Doric reed's melodious strain,
Nor Polyhymnia's darling muse
To tune the Lesbian harp refuse;
But if you rank me with the choir,
Who touch with happy hand the lyre,

Exulting

Exulting to the starry frame,
Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,
With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,
Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd no more:
While envy, vainly, merc'less foe,
With sable wings shall sail below;
And, doom'd to breathe a grosser air,
To reach my glorious height, despair.

The CIV. PSALM Imitated.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
 Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
 Temperat horis?* Hor.

ARISE, my muse! on wings seraphic rise,
 And praise th' almighty sov'reign of the skies;
 In whom alone essential glory shines,
 Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space
 confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day,
 First fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
 Which like a garment cloath'd its sovereign Lord:
 On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
 That prop the starry concave of the skies;
 Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
 And spread circumfluent aether round the whole.

Soon as he bids imperuous whirlwinds fly,
 To wing his founding chariot thro' the sky;

Imperuous

Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heraulds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong:
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves.
Nature lies mantled in a war'ry robe,
And shoreless ocean revels round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n,
The grand rebuke the frighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And, posting rapid to the place decreed,
Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead.

Reluctant

8 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside,
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fervour of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay;
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Softens the hills, and chear the meads below.
By genial fervour, and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation runs thro' all the plain:

Nature,

Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended ly,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.

Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature, with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.

Erect and tall, here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.

Here the wing'd croud, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their
rising care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe;
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and encrease her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.

10 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their
frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father! to thy bounteous skies
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars, the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelter, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs chearful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful ev'ning, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

Hail, sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:

How

How various all, how variously endu'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view:
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Croud the profound, or on the surface play:
Here the huge potent of the scaly train,
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main.
All those thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou op'nest thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

But if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles denied,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her chearful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray.
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd with the prospect, thou dost comprehend
How all propensely seek one glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' almighty blow
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn.
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choirs shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When wing'd with whirlwinds vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay.

An HYMN to DIVINE LOVE:

In Imitation of SPENSER.

I.

NO more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage,
 With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
 At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,
 And willing muse, their first devotion paid.
 Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:

Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
 And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

II.

O Love! coeval with thy parent God,
 To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore,
 At whose celestial voice, and pow'rful nod,
 Old Discord fled, and Chaos ceas'd to roar,
 Light smil'd, and Order rose, unseen before,
 But in the plan of the eternal mind,
 When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work
 design'd.

III.

III.

Thou fill'd'st the waste of ocean, earth, and air,
 With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
 From Leviathan all confess thy care,
 To those too subtle for the nicest eye.
 For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,
 To bless, and to be bless'd, its only end;
 To which with speedy course they all unerring tend.

IV.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
 Next man, thy darling, into being rose,
 Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
 Which neither end nor interruption knows,
 Till evil couch'd in fraud begins our woes.
 Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd;
 And for apostate man redemption was design'd.

V.

By thee, his glories vail'd in mortal shroud,
 God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
 And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
 Their wounded sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
 By thee, in triumph to his native sky,

16 P O E M S on several Occasions.

On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

VI.

To thee, munific everflaming Love!
One endless hymn united nature sings.
To thee, the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the sound.

VII.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth thro' all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,
Oh! snatch me, bear me, to thy happy reign:
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalt-
ed strain.

An HYMN to BENEVOLENCE.

HAIL! source of transport ever new;

While thy strong impulse I pursue,

I taste a joy sincere,

Too great for little minds to know,

Who on themselves alone bestow

Their wishes and their care.

II.

Daughter of God! delight of man!

From thee felicity began;

Which still thy hand sustains:

By thee, sweet Peace her empire spread,

Fair Science rais'd her laurell'd head,

And Discord gnash'd in chains.

III.

Far as the pointed sun-beam flies

Through peopled earth and starry skies,

18 P O E M S on *several Occasions.*

All nature owns thy nod:
We see its 'energy prevail
Through Beings ever-rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

IV.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues, and ever-burning smart,
Thy divine charms expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night, and hell.

V.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing mankind only blest'd,
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

VI.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,

Through

Through ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish controul,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

VII.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Exil'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormenter let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

An HYMN to FORTITUDE:

In Imitation of an

O D E to CHEARFULNESS,

Lately published.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
 In rayless silence wraps her reign;
 Clouds press on clouds, and as they rise,
 Condense to solid gloom the skies,
 Portentous, through the foggy air,
 To wake the Dæmon of despair:

The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
 To Hecate curst anthems howl,
 Intent, with execrable art,
 To burn the veins, and tear the heart.
 The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
 Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;
 Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
 And adds new labours to their hell.
 And, shield me, heav'ns! what hollow sound,
 Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?

The

The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
 When rising fiends exert their pow'r:
 And now, sure now, some cause unblest
 Breathes more than horror thro' my breast.
 How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
 What spectres swim before my sight!
 My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
 And in wild eddies wheels my brains!
 My icy blood forgets to roll,
 And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
 What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
 Shall bid my soul herself assert;
 Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
 And teach her whence her being came?

O Fortitude! divinely bright,
 O virtue's child, and man's delight,
 Descend, an amicable guest,
 And with thy firmness steel my breast:
 Descend propitious to my lays;
 And while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

22 P O E M S on *several Occasions.*

When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thousand chains,
Vice, deep in Phlegeton yet lay,
Nor with her visage blasted day;
No fear to guiltless man was known,
For God and virtue reign'd alone:
But when, from native flames and night,
The cursed monster wing'd her flight,
Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chac'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
Banish'd from day each dear delight,
And shook with conscious starts the night.

When from th' imperial seats on high,
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye,
To view the state of things below,
Still blest to make his creatures so,
From earth he saw Astraea fly,
And seek her mansions in the sky;
Peace crown'd with olives left her throne,
And white-rob'd Innocence was gone;

While

While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;
While Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd,
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd.

Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
Effulgent sharer of my throne,
Fair empress of eternity!
Who uncreated reign'st like me,
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
With pleasure infinite obey:
To yon diurnal scenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,
Again propitious turn thy flight,
Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee:
But since all crimes their hell contain,
Since all must feel who merit pain,

Let

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
And be like thee to man a friend;
To urge them on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
And be to all a near relief.

He said, and she with smiles divine,
Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,
To earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again:
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
The God that warms their breast profan'd,
She, guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them and deplore:
They, now the easy prey of pain,
Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;
Till arm'd with heav'n and fate she came,
Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
And fled like birds obscene from light;
Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

Thou

Thou Goddess since, with sacred aid,
 Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted ev'ry smart,
 And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of pain!
 * At thy great nod the Alps subside,
 Reluctant rivers turn their tide;
 With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
 Alone against oppression arm'd:
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young;
 While on gigantic vice he press'd,
 His vigour with his foes increas'd;
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
 Ambitious havock to withstand,
 Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
 A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not only Greece, but heav'n admir'd.

D

But

* Alluding to the History of Hannibal.

26 POEMS on several Occasions.

But in those gloomy days of fear,
How rare such merits now appear!
Though future worlds are now descry'd,
Though Paul has wrote, and Jesus dy'd,
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd,

Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!
For him the day-light shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Still darkness thickens to his eye,
Blots all the field, contracts the sky.
By day, indulgent to his pain,
He flies the busy haunts of men,
Where gloomy elms forbid the light,
And form an umbrage black as night:
There, silent, and alone reclin'd,
He starts at ev'ry rustling wind;

Through

Through fancy's wild creation led,
Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade;
While shrouded manes palely stare,
And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:
Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death the hell he fears.

O thou! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest;
'Till ev'ry human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are
But false imagin'd ills, appear
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear:
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
Be all my woes by thee allay'd,
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy;
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life;
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more Euanthe's hate:

28 P O E M S on several Occasions.

And when some swain her charms shall claim,
 Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
 Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
 On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles,
 For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
 On whom her treasure'd soul bestows;
 When perfect mutual joy they share,
 Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair,
 Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
 And blest still rise to higher bliss:
 Then, then, exert thy utmost power,
 And teach me being to endure;
 Lest reason from the helm should start,
 And lawless fury rule my heart;
 Lest madness all my soul subdue,
 To ask her Maker, What do'st thou?
 Yet, could'st thou in that dreadful hour,
 On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
 Or fan me with that gelid breeze,
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas,
 Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
 I still am man, and still must feel.

The WISH Satisfied:

An Irregular O D E.

I.

TOO long, my soul! thou'rt tost below,
From hope to hope, from fear to fear:

How great, how lasting ev'ry woe!

Each joy how short, how insincere!

II.

Turn around thy searching eyes,

Thro' all the bright varieties;

And, with exactest care,

Select from all the shining croud,

Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good;

And fix thy wishes there.

III.

With toil amass a mighty store

Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;

Plant the fields with golden grain,

Croud with lowing herds the plain,

Bid

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

Bid the marble domes ascend,

Bid the pleasant view extend,

Streams and groves and woods appear,

Spring and autumn fill the year.

Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere,

Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

IV.

On roses now reclin'd,

I languish into rest:

No vacuum in my mind,

No craving wish unblest:

But ah! in vain,

Some absent joy still gives me pain,

By toys elated, or by toys deprest,

V.

What melting joy can sooth my grief?

What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?

'Tis found; the joy already warms:

Sunk in love's persuasive arms,

Enjoying, and enjoy'd:

To taste variety of charms,

Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

VI.

As the speedy moments roll,
 Let some new joy conspire:
 Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
 Orpheus tune the lyre:
 To new-born rapture wake the soul,
 And kindle young desire;
 While a beauteous choir around,
 Tuneful virgins, join the sound:
 Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
 Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs:
 Thro' melting error let their voices rove,
 And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

VII.

Still, still insatiate of delight,
 My wishes open, as my joys encrease:
 What now shall stop their restless flight,
 And yield them kind redress?
 For something still unknown I sigh,
 Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, the eye:
 Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
 The phantom, that eludes my view;
 And cheats my fond embrace?

VIII.

VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,
 By sense and passion blindly led,
 I chac'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,
 And courted death ten thousand ways:
 Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
 My restless toils, my fruitless sighs;
 And, from the realms of endless day,
 A bright immortal wing'd his way:
 Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
 And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

IX.

Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
 Fond man, he cry'd thy fruitless search forbear;
 A certain happiness to find,
 Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind;
 No object but a boundless Deity,
 A boundless mind can satisfy:

He

He, only he, can fill each wide desire,

Who to each wish its being gave:

He only, who those wishes did inspire,

Can make their ardour cease to crave:

Him then pursue, without delay;

He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way,

Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,

And from my wond'ring eyes more swift than light-
ning fled.

Progress of woe, and horrid phantoms rise

Q Happinest immortal Fair!

Where does thy labile essence dwell?

Thou dost relax the Muses' care,

Companion in the lonely cell?

Or dost thou on the sunny plain

Inquire the reed, and cheer the swain?

Or, scornful of each low retreat,

On fortune's vapour dost thou wait?

And in the gilded chambers of the great

Fronts the revel, and the pleasure dwell?

III

TO HAPPINESS: An ODE.

I.

THE morning dawns, the evening shades

Fair nature's various face disguise.

No scene to rest my heart persuades,

No moment frees from tears my eyes.

Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,

Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r.

Each former object of delight,

Beyond redemption wings its flight:

And where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,

Prospects of woe, and horrid phantoms rise.

II.

O Happiness! immortal Fair!

Where does thy subtile essence dwell?

Dost thou relax the Hermit's care,

Companion in the lonely cell?

Or, dost thou on the sunny plain

Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?

Or, scornful of each low retreat,

On fortune's favour dost thou wait,

And in the gilded chambers of the great,

Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell?

III.

Ah me! the Hermit's cell explore;
 Thy absence he like; and complains;
 While murm'ring streams, along the shore,
 Echoe the love-sick shepherd's strains;
 Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
 Deign'st thou, O Goddess! to retire;
 Though there the loves and graces play,
 Though wine and music court thy stay;
 Thou fly'st; alas! and who can trace thy way,
 Or say what place thy heavenly form contains?

IV.

If to mankind I turn my view,
 Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
 Rapine and blood mankind pursue,
 As God had form'd them to destroy.
 Discord, at whose tremendous view,
 Hell quakes with horror ever new,
 No more by endless night depress'd,
 Pours all her venom thro' each breast;
 And, while deep groans and carnages encrease,
 Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

V.

Hence, hence, indignant, turn thy eyes,

To my dejected soul I said:

See, to the shade Euanthe flies;

Go, find Euanthe in the shade;

Her angel-form thy sight shall charm;

Thy heart her angel-goodness warm:

There shall no want thy steps pursue;

No wakeful care contract thy brow;

Musick each sound, and beauty ev'ry view;

Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

VI.

Exulting in the charming thought, I bid him go

Hither with hasty steps I press;

And, while th' enchanting maid I sought,

Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:

Encreasing hopes my journey cheer'd;

And now, in reach the bliss appear'd:

Grant this sole boon, O fate! I cry'd;

Be all thy other gifts deny'd;

In this shall all my wishes be supply'd,

And sure a love like mine deserves no less.

VIL.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r,

Fate mix'd the accents with the wind:

Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,

And left my soul to grief resign'd.

As far from all my hopes she flies,

As deepest seas from loftiest skies:

Yet still her blooming charms I see,

Ah! charms for ever lost to me:

While better omens, and a smoother sea,

Aid other hands the lovely prize to find.

VIII.

Ah! Goddess, scarce to mortals known,

Who with thy shadow madly stray,

At length from heav'n, thy sacred throne,

Dart through my soul one chearful ray:

Ah! with some sacred lenient art,

Allay the anguish of my heart:

Ah! teach me, patient, to sustain

Life's various stores of grief and pain:

Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,

Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

.IV.

To a young Gentleman, bound for *Guinea*:

An ODE.

I.

ATTEND the muse, whose numbers flow,
Faithful to sacred friendship's woe;
And let the Scotian lyre
Deserve thy pity and thy care:
While thy 'lov'd walks, and native air,
The solemn sounds inspire.

.II.

That native air, those walks, no more
Blest with their fav'rite, now deplore;
And join the weeping strain:
While, deaf to ev'ry groan, he flies,
Where unknown stars, thro' unknown skies,
Their trackless course maintain.

.III.

Yet think, by ev'ry tender smart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart,

By

By all the griefs that rise,
And with dumb anguish heave the breast,
When absence tears the soul from rest,
And swells with tears the eyes.

IV.

By all our sorrows ever new,
Think whom you fly, and what pursue;
And judge by yours our pain:
From friendship's strong tenacious arms
You fly, perhaps, to war's alarms,
To angry skies and main.

V.

The smiling plain, the solemn shade,
With all the various charms display'd,
That summer's face adorn,
Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,
With transport longs thy sense to meet,
And courts thy dear return.

VI.

The gentle sun, the fanning gale,
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,

Thy

40 POEMS on several Occasions

Thy presence all implores;
Can then a waste of sea and sky,
That knows no limits, charm thy eye,
Thy ear, the tempest's roar?

VII.

But why such weak attractions name,
While ev'ry tender social claim
Demands the mournful lay?
Ah! hear a brother's moving sighs;
Thro' tears, behold a sister's eyes
Emit a faded ray.

VIII.

Thy young allies, untaught to know
From whence their parents sorrows flow,
Their part of sorrow claim:
To thee their eyes, with rising day,
Their liquid tributes learn to pay,
Their tongues to lisp thy name.

IX.

Nor these thy absence mourn alone,
O dearly lov'd, tho' faintly known;

One

POEMS on several Occasions. 41

One yet unsung remains; and mighty
Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
And darkness round him reigns.

IX.

The muse with pity view'd his doom; from
And, darting thro' th' eternal gloom;
An intellectual ray, from
Bade him with vocal sounds inspire;
The plaintive flute, the brightly lyre;
And tune the feeling lyre.

X.

Thus, tho' despairing of relief, from
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief, from
Thy absence we complain; from
While now, perhaps, th' auspicious gale, from
Invites to spread the flying sail, from
And all our tears are vain.

XI.

Protect him, heav'ns! but hence each fear,
Since endless goodness, endless care

12 POEMS on several Occasions

This mighty fabric guides;
Commands the tempest where to stray,
Directs the lightning's flaming way,
And rules the reflux tides.

XIII.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,
With pleas'd survey, his universal design,
Thy wondrous worth to view;
See, from th' realms of endless day,
Immortal guardians wing their way,
And all thy steps pursue.

XIV.

If fable clouds, whose womb contains
The murmur'ing bolt, or dashing rain,
The face of heav'n deform;
Myriads, from heav'n's ethereal height,
Shall clear the gloom, restore the light,
And chase th' impending storm.

XV.

An

Since earth's goodness, heav'n's bounty,
Thy life, thy health, thy peace, thy joy,
Thy all, thy all, thy all, thy all,
Thy all, thy all, thy all, thy all,

AN ODE,

On the Surrender of *Edinburgh*.

II

WHILE on Edina's fate intent,
In sighs my joyless soul I sent,
In tears my melting heart;
The weeping streams gave vent for tears,
And echo'd ev'ry sigh sincere,
With sympathetic smart.

III

Along the lilly'd bank reclin'd,
My Being all to grief resign'd,
Which ev'n my groans restrain'd;
While ev'ry trembling fallow bough,
That on the verdant margin grew,
A silent harp sustain'd.

IV

For, like his kindred fends below,
Pleas'd to insult our hopeless woe,

44 POEMS on Several Occasions

Elate with spoil and pride;

Resume the lyre, and strike the string,

Edina's new deliv'rance sing,

The Tyrant Victor cry'd.

IV.

What mighty pow'r, what pleasing theme,

Can bid the long extinguisht flame,

Rekindling warm my veins?

Not he who leads th' eternal choir,

Though all in heav'n the song admire,

While Scotia mourns in chains.

V.

When I Edina not deplore,

Thy freedom, wealth, and peace, no more

And ev'ry grief of thine;

On me, Oh fate! thy quiver show;

Let all thy rage, with all thy pow'r,

To wreck my joys combine.

VI.

If, while beneath this life I groan,

Beyond thy good a bliss I own,

Beyond

Beyond thy wrongs, and all thy bands be
Perish the muse, and all her fire,
Be dead my hand, and chafe my tyre,
My portion deep despair.

VII.

Thus oft provok'd, remember still,
Eternal judge of good and ill,
When our remorseless foes,
Arm'd in a base-born Coward's cause,
To blast our freedom, peace, and laws,
Durst thee and George oppose.

VIII.

As they, with boundless fury fraught,
To blast our laws, and freedom sought,
And all thy vengeance dar'd:
Thy strong vindictive arm extend,
On them let all those plagues descend,
Which they for us prepar'd.

IX.

And thou, with hell and mischief join'd,
Thou curse and stain of human kind,

46 POEMS

Red thunder's destin'd aim
See, see the angel of thy fate,
Whom panting hours pursue too late,
Wave high the sword of flame

X

Why then, my soul, so low depress'd?
Ah! why those tumults in my breast?
In God thy hope still place,
In God, whose goodness warms my lays,
With all th' inaptur'd soul of praise,
With smiles adorns thy face.

VIII

As they, with boundless joy
To blast our lives, and freedom sought,
And all thy vengeance set
Thy strong vindictive arm extend,
Which they, for us prepared

IX

And thou, with hell and mischief join'd,
Thou curse and stain of human kind,

Red

Thick mists obscur'd heav'n's smiling face
 Each blasted cedar bent his head
 AN ODE,
 Each charm forsook the camp's d' mead,
 On the present REBELLION.
 And hence horror shook the place.

III

WHEN urg'd by thirst of lawless sway,
 Undreading nations to explore,
 The spurious exile plough'd his way,
 And mark'd with cursed steps the shore,
 Him Albion's potent angel view'd,
 As on the naked beech he stood,
 And plann'd Britannia's future wood,
 Then spread his wings, and poiz'd on high,
 Revolv'd, in doubt, to mount the sky,
 Or tend his hapless charge below.

III

As, when expell'd from heav'n and light,
 To gloom, to anguish, and despair,
 Hell's angry Tyrant wing'd his flight,
 To Eden's soft and fragrant air;
 His curst approach the conscious scene
 Confess'd, by various marks of pain;

While

Thick

Thick mists obscur'd heav'n's smiling face.

Each blasted cedar bent his head,
 Each charm forsook the tarnish'd mead,
 And silent horror shook the place.

III.

Far, distant from the bride lov'd guest,
 Which now prohallo'd every phase,
 In clouds his dazzling splendour hid,
 The genius hover'd o'er the human kind.
 Pierc'd with as much of angel's power
 As essences divine can comprehend
 He thus effus'd his melting heart;
 While the hoarse surges roar'd more sore,
 And echo sad from shore to shore
 Repell'd the accents of his power.

IV.

Pleas'd with the task by God assign'd,
 On Albion long I bent my mind,
 For her my throne in heav'n resign'd
 And ev'ry deathless pleasure there:
 Long I beheld, with glad survey,
 Her honours grow beneath my sway;

While

While virtue warm'd each gen'rous breast,
The gilded hours, a choral throng,
With sacred freedom, peace, and song,
With ev'ry social charm were blest.

V.

But why, with sudden gloom o'ercast,
Does all the radiant scene appear?
What curst spell, what envious blast,
Withers the smile of joy sincere?
Britannia, thine the mighty blame:
From thee those woes, this havoc came:
Thy guilt provok'd the dreadful blow,
Thy guilt impell'd the wave to roll,
Thy guilt inspir'd th' ætherial soul,
That waisted to the port thy foe.

VI.

For this, reproach shall cloud thy fame;
Whose blaze, nor earth, nor sea confin'd:
For this, thy harvests, wrapt in flame,
In curling smoaks shall mount the wind:
For this, with unextinguish'd hate,
And thirst of blood, those hearts shall beat.

50 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where friendship's sacred ardour glow'd:
For this, to nature deaf and blind,
The cruel fire his son shall find,
And blast the being he bestow'd.

VII.

For this, thy bravest sons, subdu'd,
Manure their natal soil with slain:
For this, thy rivers, ting'd with blood,
Flow crimson to the frighted main:
For this, the bride, whose smiling eyes,
Ah! false preface of future joys,
Late saw the torch of Hymen glow,
Shall the lov'd youth with shrieks deplore,
Deform'd with dust, and bath'd in gore,
And curse her lot in frantic woe.

VIII.

Hence, fraud unbars Edina's gate,
Hence, recent slaughter loads yon plain,
Hence, trace thy God-like GARDNER's fate,
Whom angels wish'd to shield, in vain:
Ah! lov'd of God, by man deplor'd,
Ah! yet too soon to heav'n restor'd,

Thy

Thy fall unnumber'd eyes shall mourn,
Thy worth the heav'n-raught bard shall sing,
The earliest beauties of the spring
With annual verdure deck thy urn.

IX.

While heav'n's perennial orbs of flame
Duration's flowing series bound,
Race shall to race transmit thy name,
With even-bright'ning glories crown'd;
For him, ye gates of endless day,
For him your living valves display:
Angels, to hail your friend prepare,
For him erect the saphire throne,
Of gold immortal frame the zone,
With all your art to grace his hair.

X.

And thou, from whom these horrors grew,
Thy short-liv'd triumph now enjoy;
Soon other thoughts shall bend thy brow,
And other cares thy soul employ:
In fate's eternal balance weigh'd,
By foes oppress'd, by friends betray'd,

Resistless ruin hems thee round:
 Soon shall thy life thy fame atone,
 For ev'ry pang and ev'ry groan,
 Which Scotia breath'd beneath thy wound.

XI.

Rome's wooden gods, a nameless crew,
 Who not to Egypt's numbers yield,
 Though thousands in each garden grew,
 And thousands low'd in ev'ry field,
 The villain priest, and trembling shrine,
 Shall dread their fate, involv'd in thine:
 While Gallia's arms, repell'd with scorn,
 Shall seek in night her shame to hide,
 In tears of blood repent her pride,
 And curse the moment thou wert born.

XII.

Albion shall fly, with just disdain,
 The source from whence her sorrows spring:
 Wash from each hand the purple stain,
 And cleanse from fraud the double tongue.
 While Tyrant pow'r, and Discord fell,
 The darling progeny of hell,

Shall

Shall clafh th' eternal galling chain;
While freedom, peace, and virtue join'd,
Resume their empire o'er mankind,
Nor age, nor diftance check thy reign.

XIII

Thus he: and instant, from the fky,
Immortal myriads join the ftrain;
Glory they fung to God on high,
Benevolence and peace to men.
With fmiles, ineffably divine,
Like that which firft taught light to fhine,
Th' Almighty lift'ned from his feat;
Then, with a ftrong decifive nod,
That to its centre fhook th' abode,
Approv'd the fong, and feal'd it Fate.

On

On EUANTHE's Absence.

BLEST heav'n! and thou fair world below,
Is there no cure to sooth my smart?

No balm to heal a lover's woe,

That bids his eyes for ever flow,

Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?

And will no friendly arm above

Rescue me from the tyrant Love?

II.
Ye plains, where bright Euanthe strays,

Ye various objects of her view,

Bedeck'd in beauty's perfect blaze;

Let all its forms, and all its rays,

Where'er she turns, her eyes pursue:

All fair, as she, let nature shine:

Ah! then, how lovely! how divine!

III.

Where'er the thymy vales descend,

And breathe ambrosial fragrants round

Eternal truth, thy line extend,

And teach the prospect where to end:

While woods or mountains mark the bound,

That

That each fair scene which strikes her eye,
May charm with sweet variety.

IV.

Ye streams, that in perpetual flow

Still warble on your mazy way,

Murmur Euanthe, as you go;

Murmur a love-sick poet's woe.

Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;

Sing how I suffer, how complain;

Yet name not him who feels the pain.

V.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r,

If spotless virtue claims thy care,

Around, unheard of blessings show'r;

Let some new pleasure crown each hour,

And make her blest, as good and fair;

Of all thy works, to mortals known,

The best and fairest, she alone.

An

An Irregular O D E,

Sent to a young Lady on her Marriage-Day.

WITH all your wings, ye moments, fly,
And drive the tardy sun along;

Till that glad morn shall paint the sky,
Which wakes the muse, and claims the rap-
tur'd song.

See nature with our wishes join,
To aid the dear the blest design;

See time precipitate his way,

To bring th' expected happy day:

See the wish'd-for dawn appears;

A more than wonted glow she wears.

Hark, Hymineals sound;

Each muse awakes her softest lyre;

Each airy warbler swells the choir;

'Tis music all around:

Awake, ye nymphs, the blushing bride

T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride;

While virgin shame retards her way,

And love, half-angry, chides her stay;

While

While hopes and fears alternate reign,
 Intermingling bliss and pain,
 O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,
 Pant in her shiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.
 At length consent, reluctant fair,
 To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes;
 Too long his sighs are lost in air;
 At length, resign the bliss for which he dies.
 The muses, 'prescient of your future joys,
 Dilate my soul, and prompt the chearful lay;
 While they, thro' coming times, with glad surprize,
 The long successive brightning scenes survey.
 Lo! to your sight, a blooming offspring rise,
 And add fresh ardour to the nuptial ties;
 While, in each form, you both united shine;
 Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn:
 For you, glad Ceres fills the flowing horn,
 And heav'n and fate to bless your days combine.
 While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,
 Till death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing
 scene;
 Safe, sable guide to that celestial shore,
 Where pleasure knows no end, and death assaults
 no more.

An ODE,

Wrote, at 12 Years of Age, to a little Girl,
whom I had offended.

HOW long shall I attempt in vain
Thy smiles, my angel, to regain?
I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?
That Gold-finch, with her painted wings,
That gayly looks, and sweetly sings;
That, and if ought I have more fine,
All, all, my charmer, shall be thine.
When next Mamma shall prove severe,
I'll interpose, and save my dear.
Soften, my fair, those angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs:
Think, while that tender breast they strain,
For thee what anguish I sustain:
Should but thy fair companions view,
How ill that frown becomes thy brow;

With

With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
 Each would to each astonish'd cry,
 Heav'ns! where is all her sweetness flown!
 How strange a figure now she's grown!
 Run, Nancy, let us run, lest we
 Grow pettish awkward things as she.
 'Tis done, 'tis done, my cherub smiles,
 My griefs suspends, my fears beguiles:
 How the quick pleasure heaves my breast!
 Ah! still be kind, and I'll be blest.

TO LESBIA:

Translated from CATULLUS.

THO' four loquacious age reprove,
 Let us, my Lesbia! live for love;
 For, when the short-liv'd suns decline,
 They but retire, more bright to shine;
 But we, when fleeting life is o'er,
 And light and love can bless no more,
 Are ravish'd from each dear delight,
 To sleep one long eternal night.

Give me of kisses balmy store,
 Ten thousand, and ten thousand more;
 Still add ten thousand, doubly sweet;
 The dear dear number still repeat.
 And, when the sum so high shall swell,
 Scarce thought can reach or tongue can tell;
 Let us on kisses, kisses croud,
 Till number sinks in multitude;
 Lest our full bliss should limits know,
 And others, viewing, envious grow.

A PASTORAL S O N G.

SANDY the gay, the blooming swain,
 Had lang frae love been free;
 Lang made each heart that fill'd the plain,
 Dance quick with harmlefs glee.
 As blythfom lambs that scour the green,
 His mind was unconstrain'd;
 Nae face could ever fix his een,
 Nae sang his ear detain'd.
 Ah! lucklefs youth, a short-liv'd joy
 Thy cruel fates decree:
 Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,
 And love, mair fell, on thee.
 'Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,
 Ae morn of chearful May,
 Furth Girzy walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
 A flow'r mair sweet than they.
 Like sun-beams sheen her waving locks,
 Her een like stars were bright,
 The rose lent blushes to her cheek,
 The lilly purest white.

Jim

62 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Jim was her waste, like some tall pine,

That keeps the woods in aw;

Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,

Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loosely thrown,

Gave to the shepherd's een,

What fearless innocence would show;

The rest was all unseen.

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,

His colour went and came;

Dark grew his een, his ears resound,

His breast was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his sang,

He jokes and smiles nae mair;

Unpletted now his cravat hung,

Undrest his chesnut hair.

To him, how lang the shortest night,

How dark the brightest day;

Till, with the slow consuming flame,

His life was worn away.

Far far frae shepherds, and their flocks,

Opprest with care, he lean'd,

And in a mirky beachen shade,

To hills and dales thus plean'd.

At

At length, my way-ward heart, return,

Too far, alas! astray;

Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,

Which works me such decay.

Ay me! 'twas love, 'twas Girzy's charms,

That first began my woes;

Could he, fae fast, or she, fae fair,

Prove such relentless foes?

Fierce winter nips the sweetest flow'r,

Keen lightning rives the tree,

Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop,

And love has blasted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chace,

The tender lamb-kins they,

Lambs follow clos their mother ewes,

And ewes the blooms of May.

Sith a' that live, with a' their might

Some dear delight pursue;

Cease, ruthless maid, to scorn the heart

That only pants for you.

Alas! for griefs to her unken'd,

What pity can I gain?

And, should she ken, yet love refuse,

Could that redress my pain?

Come,

64 P O E M S on *several Occasions.*

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,

Ah! close those wearied eyes;

But death the happy still pursues,

Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail, what wealth is mine,

Her high-born mind to bend,

Hers are those wide delightful plains,

And hers the flocks I tend.

What though, whene'er I tun'd my pipe,

Glad fairies heard the sound,

And, clad in freshest April green,

Aft tript the circle round.

Break, landward clown, thy dinsel reed,

And brag thy skill nae mair:

Can ought that gies na Girzy joy,

Be worth thy lightest care?

Adieu, ye harmless sportive flocks,

Anes a' my joy and care:

Adieu, my faithful dog, who aft

The pleasing toil did share.

Adieu, ye plains and light, anes sweet,

Now painful to my view:

Adieu to life, and thou, mair dear,

Who caus'd my death, adieu.

A

A S O N G:

To the Tune of the Braes of *Ballandyne*.

I.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain:
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
Rude winds, with compassion could hear him complain;
But Cloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
Ere Cloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view:
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey;
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they:
Now, scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

III.

Through changes, in vain, relief I pursue;
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew:

I

From

66 POEMS on several Occasions.

From sun-shine to zephyrs and shades we repair;
To sun-shine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

IV.

But, see! the pale moon, all clouded retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind;
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

The

The Ravish'd SHEPHERD:

A SONG.

I.

AZURE dawn, whose chearful ray
Bids all nature's beauties rise,
Were thy glories doubly gay,
What art thou to Cloe's eyes?

Boast no more thy rosy light,
If Cloe smile thee in to night.

II.

Gentle spring, whose kind return
Spreads diffusive pleasure round,
Bids each breast enamour'd burn,

And each flame with blifs be crown'd,
Should my Cloe leave the plain,
Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.

III.

Every charm, whose high delight
Sense enjoys, or soul admires,

All that ardour can excite,

All excited love requires,

All that heav'n or earth call fair,

View Cloe's face, and read it there.

EPISTLE I.

To Clio: in answer to one, wherein she inform'd me of her Departure.

WHEN Clio seem'd forgetful of my pain,
 A soft impatience throb'd in ev'ry vein;
 Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
 So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow:
 But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
 Just as your taste, and as your soul sincere,
 My soul re-echo'd, while the melting strain
 Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

Ah! teach my verse, like yours, to be refin'd
 Your force of language, and your strength of mind:
 Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,
 That ravishes the soul, and charms the heart:
 Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ,
 To paint your merit, and express my joy:
 Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd,
 With which great Orpheus polish'd human kind;
 Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,
 And teach a world the sweets of social love.

When

When great Acasto's virtues grac'd your lays,
 My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze;
 Dazled with wonder, but deterr'd from praise:
 But cruel envy stopt the rising joy;
 For ev'n the gods Acasto might envy:
 Ah! hapless me! must yet more woes inspire
 The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre?
 Her Clio's absence must the muse complain,
 The last and greatest of the fable train:
 Th' intruding thought does ev'ry joy controul,
 And darkens, like my eyes, my sinking soul.
 Yet, while absorb'd in thought, alone I stay,
 And black ideas through my fancy stray,
 Or from some arbor, conscious of my pain,
 To the responsive breezes sigh in vain;
 May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
 Crown your bright day, and bliss your silent night:
 May heightning raptures ev'ry sense surprize,
 Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:
 May all in heav'n, and all on earth, conspire
 To make your pleasure lasting, and entire:
 'Tis this alone can soothe my anxious breast,
 Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.

EPISTLE II.

To the same, from *Edinburgh*.

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen
And lov'd Edina's lofty turrets rise, [skies,
Sing, heav'nly muse, to thy lov'd Clio sing;
Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping wing.
Could I, like Uriel, on some pointed ray,
To your far distant Eden wing my way,
Outstrip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,
And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind;
So strong, so swift, I'd fly, the port to gain;
The speed of angels should pursue in vain.
Ah! whither, whither would my fancy stray!
Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way:
No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,
Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe:
Flow, till the torrent quench my vital flame,
And lose my Being in the copious stream:
Yet, Clio, hear, in pity to my smart;
If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:
Let but one line suspend my constant care,
Too faint for hope, too lively for despair:
Thee let me still with wonted rapture find
The muse's patroness, and poet's friend.

EPISTLE III.

TO DORINDA, with VENICE PRESERV'D.

IF friendship gains not pardon for the muse,
 Immortal Otway, sure, will plead excuse:
 For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
 Who feel the poet, and who weep his praise;
 Whether great Jeffier mournful plaints expires,
 Of cruel fortune, and of high desires,
 Or Belvidera's gentler accents flow,
 When all her soul she breathes in love and woe:
 Drawn from the heart, the various passions shine,
 And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
 As when some turtle spies her lovely mate,
 Peirc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net;
 Her little heart, just bursting with despair,
 She drops her wings, and coos her soul to air.

An

An ELEGY
On MR. POPE.

*Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.*

Pope's Unfortunate Lady.

WHILE yet I scarce awake from dumb surprize,
And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes;
While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,
And all my Being sinks, oppress'd with pain:
Deign you, whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know
The true poetic sense of bliss and woe:
To those sad accents deign a pitying ear;
Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.

O, Pope! what tears thy obsequies attend!
Britain a Poet, mankind mourns a friend:
For thee, their darling, weep th' Aonian choir,
Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee, the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,
And virgin sorrows bathe thy sacred urn:

One

One vail of grief o'er heav'n and earth be thrown,
And vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone:
Sure, these may rest, with all their busy train,
Or vent their dulness and their spleen in vain.

Cibber, in vain, may vent his gloomy spite,
And learn from Bedlam, for the stews, to write:
In buskins bully, or in satire hiss,
To pay his debt, or to oblige his Miss:
But why should venal Cibber give offence,
Guiltless alike of satire, or of sense?

Thy destin'd sphere, O prudent laureat! know,
Nor soar too high: thou can'st not sink too low.
Leave those whom heav'n impells, and genius fires,
To fix on shadowy fame their fond desires:
Leave them, to raise the soul, and warm the heart,
And rival nature with the force of art:
Thou, form'd for life, and fortune's smile to gain,
Still burlesque art, and nature's self prophane.
And shall ev'n death, man's last best friend, in vain
Attempt to shield the great and good from pain?
And shall each fool approach the sacred shrine,
By Phœbus lov'd, and hallow'd to the nine?

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

MUST PORE be curst a thousand various ways,
 In life with satire, and in death with praise?
 Hence, reptile herd, lest just reluctant he
 Exert her strength, and kindle all her fire.
 Then cease your hopes, from satire's rage to fly;
 Nor hell shall prove too deep, nor heav'n too high.
 Forgive, great Shade, if in the midst of woe,
 I lift the scourge, and aim the vengeful blow:
 Gods! who can see such insects buzz and fly,
 And not with choler or with laughter die!
 Ah, me! far other thoughts my soul inspire;
 Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
 Thee, though the muses blest with all their art,
 And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart;
 Though thy lov'd virtue with a mother's pain
 Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain:
 Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains,
 Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins:
 Cold is that breast, that warm'd the world
 before,
 " And that heav'n prompted tongue shall charm no
 more."

* Curst he, who, without ecstacy sincere,
The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear:
From him, unheard, the needful aid require:
Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire:
Nature, and nature's God, that wretch detest,
Unfought his friendship, and his days unblest'd:
Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,
And all her glooms hang heavy on his soul,
As when the sun begins his eastern way,
To bless the nations with returning day;
Crown'd with unfading splendors, on he flies,
Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies;
The prostrate east the radiant God adore:
So, POPE, we view'd thee, but must view no more.
Thee late th' immortals saw with glad surprize,
Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise:
All heav'n was mute, with silent rapture fir'd;
As we the angels, angels thee admir'd;

K 2

Bold

* What we call poetical Genius, depends intirely on the Quickness of moral Feeling; he therefore who cannot feel Poetry, must either have his Affections depraved by Vice, or be naturally insensible of the Pleasure resulting from the Exercise of them: But this natural Insensibility is never so great in any Heart, as entirely to hinder the Impression of well painted Passion, or natural Images connected with it.

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

Bold to disclose the providential plan,
 "And vindicate the ways of God to man."

Arm'd with impartial satire, when thy muse
 Triumphant vice with all her rage pursues;
 To hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,
 Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day:

There curl, and curling, rack'd with raging woe,
 Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.

But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise;
 Her steps the earth scarce bound, her head the skies;
 Till his red terrors Jove again display,

Affert his laws, and vindicate his sway.

When Ovid's numbers mourn the Lesbian fair,
 Her slighted love, and her intense despair.

By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,
 Not Ovid's wit, but Sappho's sorrows shine:

When Heloisa mourns her hapless fate,
 What heart can cease with all her pangs to bear?

While pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
 Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast,

The gaudy cecomb, and the fickle fair,
 Shall dread the satire of thy ravish'd hair,

Not

Not the Cecilian * breath'd a sweeter song,
While Arethusa charm'd, and listning hung;
For whom each muse from her dear seat retir'd,
His flocks protected, and himself inspir'd;
Nor he †, who sung while sorrow fill'd the plain,
How Cytherea mourn'd Adonis slain;
Nor Tyterus §, who in immortal lays
Taught Mantua's echoes, Gallatea's praise.

No more let Mantua boast unrival'd fame;
Thy Windsor now shall equal honours claim:
Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

Ye tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair Ladona's banks, and Windsor's shades,
Whose souls in transport melted at his song,
Soft as your sighs, and as your wishes strong;
O come! your copious annual tributes bring,
The full luxuriance of the risted spring;
Strip various nature of each fairest flow'r,
And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r:

Let

* Theocritus. † Bion. § Virgil.

78 POEMS on *several Occasions.* P

Let long liv'd panfies here their scents bestow,
The violet's languish, and the rose's glow;
In yellow glory, let the crocus shine;
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here, hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips, ting'd with beaur's fairest dyes.

Who shall succeed to thee, O darling strain!
Attempt thy deeds, or emulate thy strain!
Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love;
Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
And solemn moans responsive rocks return;
Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,
And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.

Calliope, when first thy death she knew,
Immortal tears her faded cheeks bedew;
Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd,
The conscious harp her griefs low murmur join'd;
Her voice in trembling cadence died away,
And lost in anguish all the goddess lay;
Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,
The fates, in Homer, ravish'd her delight.

To

To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,
And in thy bosom kindled all his fire:
Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours dress,
Breath'd all the God that warm'd their author's breast.

When horrid war informs the sacred page,
And men and gods conflict in mutual rage,
The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound,
And groans and clamours make the mountains round.
The nations rock, earth's solid bases groan,
And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne;
When Eolus dilates the lawless wind
On nature's face, to revel unconfin'd;
Bend heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,
Tear up the forest, and enrage the main;
In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,
Ferment, and roar, and estuate in each line.
When Synphus, with many a weary groan,
Rolls up the hill the still revolving stone;
The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil,
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil:
But, when retuning rapid from its height,
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight:

80 POEMS on several Occasions.

As when creative energy, employ'd
 With various beings, fill'd the boundless void:
 With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd
 The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good:
 He view'd, exulting with immense delight,
 The lovely transcript, as th' idea bright.
 So swell'd the bard with ecstasy divine,
 When full and finish'd rose his bright design:
 So, from th' Elysian bow'rs, he joy'd to see
 All his immortal self reviv'd in thee.
 While fame enjoys thy consecrated fane,
 First of th' inspir'd with him for ever reign:
 With his, each distant age shall rank thy name,
 And ev'n reluctant envy hiss acclaim.
 But, ah! blind fate will no distinction know;
 Swift down the torrent all alike must flow:
 Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
 All, all must tread th' irremiable way.
 No more fond hope shall in my bosom roll,
 Distend my heart, and kindle all my soul,
 To breathe my honest raptures in thy ear,
 And feel thy kindness in returns sincere,

To

To wake the muse, and teach her voice to sing,
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing:
Now, muse, be dumb, or let thy song deplore
Thy pleasures blasted, and thy hopes no more.

Tremendous Pow'rs! who rule th' eternal state;
Whose voice is thunder, and whose nod is fate;
Did I for empire, second to your own,
Cling round the shrine, and importune the throne?
Pray'd I, that fame should bear my name on high
Thro' nation'd earth, or all-involving sky?
Woo'd I for me the sun, to toil and shine,
The diamond brighten, and the ore refine?
Tho' deep involv'd in adamantinè night,
Ask'd I again to view heav'n's chearful light?
POPE's love I sought; that only boon deny'd,
O, life! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?

Tho' vain my sorrow, yet sincere my heart;
Tho' deep my sighs, yet faithless to my smart;
Then, ah! forbear my honest tears to blame;
Indulgence is the sole reward they claim.

Tho' private sighs a private pain regret,
A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate:

82 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

Where polish'd arts, and sacred science reigns;
 Where'er the muse her tuneful presence deigns;
 For thee each human breast shall heave with sighs;
 To thy great name immortal statues rise:
 From clime to clime thy boundless fame shall run,
 Soar to the skies, and circle with the sun;
 Till ev'n the spheres, in their eternal round,
 Forget their former themes, and catch th' exalted
 When the dim sun emits a faded ray, [sound:
 And ev'ry star forgets the long run way;
 When in oblivion nature disappears,
 Swept down the prone descent of rolling years,
 Who from the wreck thy numbers shall reclaim,
 Extinct thy genius, and forgot thy fame;
 To both, the fates one period have assign'd;
 And that shall cease to be, when this to charm man-
 kind.

A PASTORAL,

Inscrib'd to EUANTHE.

WHILST I rehearse unhappy Damon's lays,
 At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
 With drooping heads, and griev'd attention stood,
 Nor frisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring flood;
 Essential sweetness, deign with me to stray,
 Where yon elos copse excludes the heat of day;
 Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,
 Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song:
 There hear the sad relation of his fate,
 And pity sorrows your own charms create.

Close in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,
 I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue.

Awake, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain;
 Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain,
 Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow;
 And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know:
 With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,
 And ev'ry grief but mine consents to rest.

Awake, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain;
 Cecilian numbers may delude my pain:

84 POEMS on several Occasions.

The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,
Is ne'er supply'd, tho' heav'n descend in show'rs.
From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plys her sting;
Of sweets insatiate, though she drain the spring.
Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store;
And when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

Awake, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain:
Yet, to deaf tempests, why should I complain?
Deaf storms, and death itself, complaints may move;
But groans are music to the tyrant Love.
O Love! thy genius, and thy force I know,
Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow:
From some fermented tempest of the main,
At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
Nur'd by fell harpies, on some howling wood,
Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood:
Relentless mischief, at whose dire command,
A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:
Curst boy! Curst mother! which most impious show,
He who impell'd, or she who gave the blow?

Awake, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain:
From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.

Why

Why did I first Euanthe's charms admire,
 Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?
 Why, happy still, my danger to conceal,
 Fear'd I no ruin, till secure to feel?
 Thus, when some angler throws th' insidious line,
 Around in crouds the scaly nations shine;
 Pleas'd with the gilded fraud, securely play;
 And, while to prey they hope, become a prey.

Awake, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain:
 Ah! can no lost, no darling hope remain,
 Round which my soul with all her strength may twine,
 And, though but flatter'd, call the treasure mine?
 Wretch! to the charmer's sphere can'st thou ascend?
 Or dar'st thou fancy she to thine will bend?
 From native dust shall grov'ling worms arise,
 And fix on heav'n's broad flames their stedfast eyes,
 God-like erect, exchange for abject prone,
 And proudly call each glowing world their own?
 Or, shall yon oak, the tallest of his race,
 Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace?

Forbear, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain;
 Which heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain.

What

86 POEMS on several Occasions.

What tho' the heav'n-born muse my temples shade
 With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade;
 What tho' the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,
 Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain:
 On me my stars not gifts but ills bestow;
 And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

But, see yon rock, projected o'er the main;
 Whose height unmeasur'd turns the gazer's brain:
 Object is lost beneath its vast profound,
 And deep and hoarse below the surges sound.
 Oft, while the thoughtless world is lost in sleep,
 My fable genius tempts me to the sleep.
 Love too, the traitor, with confederate aid,
 Joins all his force, but both in vain persuade.
 The swain, whose heart Euanthe's charms inspire,
 Should to the cause proportion the desire;
 Nor wish nor deed beneath its object own;
 Nor blush, tho' to herself the flame were known.
 Hence, still that blessing will his own remain;
 He still may merit, tho' he ne'er can gain:
 Forbear, my muse, the soft Cecilian strain.

An

An *Extempore* EPIGRAM,

On a Girl bringing in a Bottle of Wine.

TERRESTRIAL Hebe, come, and banish woe;
 Let mighty wine in gen'rous bumpers flow:
 Let's drink whole oceans, till th' inspiring bowl
 Glow in each face, and brighten ev'ry soul.
 Atlas! the prop of Jove's sublime abodes,
 Oft groans beneath the weight of staggering gods:
 Let mortals, then, th' example high pursue;
 We cannot err in what our authors do;
 Or if we're guilty, gods, the fault's on you.

An

MAN AND EPITAPH

On a Favourite L A P-D O G

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;

I ne'er insulted weaker brothers;
Nor wrong'd by force or fraud another;

Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man, could he say so.

6 MA 50
We cannot eat in what our authors do;

Or if we're guilty, gods will find us out.

THE END.

